

1991

PARNASSUS

1992

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PARNASSUS

Inter-Arts Magazine
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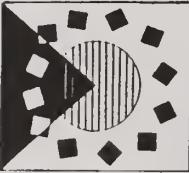
Parnassus is the name of the mythological mountain home
of the nine muses who inspired humankind in the arts.

The policy of the editorial staff has been to select material for the magazine
democratically. We have read each work submitted and viewed all artwork. We voted
to determine eligibility: a majority vote for a piece meant publication. *Parnassus*
provides an opportunity for new artists and writers to reach others; it's a showcase
of Northern Essex Community College student creativity.



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Is There an Archetype in the House?

I never met an archetype
At least I can't recall
I've fought a shifty, one-eyed snipe
And nailed him to the wall

I've mingled with the dinosaurs
And partied with the birds
Stifled yawns with perfect bores
And ran with many herds

I've known a thousand different types
From Ants to Zebras too
Some with dots, some with stripes
A multi-colored zoo

I've seen the oddest, strangest things
Like swallows with two fins
Hippos pulled by flimsy strings
Or fish with jowly chins

But all in all I cannot say
Although I have no clue
That sometime, somewhere one fine day
I'll add one to my zoo

But even though I never do
That's all right with me
I'm satisfied with my own zoo
With all friends A to Z

And if it is my lot to meet
An archetype on the loose
I hope it is a pleasant treat
Another Doctor Seuss

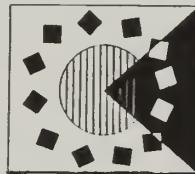
Gary Carlson



Carolyn S. Cibek



Bryan Contino



Summer Peace

Living green splendor consume me in your
stillness,
rich and sweet.
You are in perfect order,
no strife,
no tension.
Overgrown appendages implore the blue
heavens —
clear, yet full, heavens.
All in perfect order.
All in perfect order.
“Be still and know I’m God,” I hear the blue
green
whisper.
Mockingbirds agree.
They speak in the vernacular.
I think I understand.

Janis Merrill

The Perfect Homeowner

My wife tells me I should be more like our neighbor, Artie.

"But Artie's dead," I told her.

"You know what I mean," she flustered, "When he was alive. He knew how to take care of things. How to do a job well." She was right, of course. She had me. Artie is, I mean was, the consummate homeowner. But it all ended for him last Saturday. I still get chills when I talk about it.

The weekend began with a comfortable laziness. I had gone out for donuts like I do every Saturday morning. I asked Wendy before I went what kind she wanted. "Oh, anything," she said. "I'm sure I'll like whatever you get." After ten years of marriage I knew what that meant. She was setting me up. If I came back with chocolate frosted, chocolate honey-dipped or old-fashioned, she would frown. She didn't like jelly donuts, crullers or lemon-filled. Over the years it had developed into a game we played. I would continually try to please her with creative new selections but always fall short of her expectations. After a few years of this I imagined coming home one Saturday morning from the donut shop, placing the pink and white box on the kitchen table and opening the lid. Beams of a mystical white light would stream from the open box and a perfect donut would rise up, suspended by invisible forces in the middle of our kitchen. Wendy would gasp in astonishment and reach for the wondrous treat I had ordered. And what a donut it would be. A shiny gold honey glazed treasure, rimmed with rings of pearls and crowned with sparkling

sapphires, diamonds and rubies. The ceiling would part, the heavens would open and the gods would peer down at me, smiling proudly. "Your life will be spared, humble servant, you have appeased the donut goddess." But I'm getting sidetracked. Back to Artie. When I got home last Saturday with the usual disappointing assortment, I waved to my neighbor, Arthur Sweeney, across the yard. Artie was spending the fall scraping and painting his house, and I had to give him credit. Unlike myself, the guy had no fear of heights. The ladder went up, and Artie was scrambling up and down the sides of his two story home like an orangutan. The full attic and the steep peaks of the yellow Victorian made the top floor a full three stories high. I, on the other hand, get dizzy when I'm not slouching.

Artie made sure he was always well equipped to do a job right. He maintained a state-of-the-art workshop in his spotless basement. Power tools for every conceivable purpose stood at the ready, on stacks of stainless steel shelves, like soldiers waiting to go to war. There were different sized routers, variable speed reversible drills, circular saws and electric screwdrivers. He had electric winches for pulling tree stumps, chain falls for pulling Buick engines and power generators for keeping the VCR running during a power failure. There were belt sanders, orbital sanders, floor, car and wall sanders. And they were all kept in their original cartons with their instructions and sales slips. Artie told me so. He even mailed in the warranty registration cards, something I have

never done. It's new, I figure, why should it break?

Artie had a twenty-year old snowblower that looked like he bought it this morning. He dismantled it every spring, sanded off any rust spots, touched up the paint with factory original colors he sent away for, and then waxed every square inch. I stick my old snowblower in a corner of the garage and over the course of the summer cover it with broken kites, empty Coke bottles and bald tires. It's a nasty old thing with a mind of its own. It rips your arm off trying to get it started and then the drive chain falls off after each pass of the driveway. After three passes I get tired of shutting it off, crawling under it to force the greasy chain back onto the sprocket, and then ripping my arm off again trying to get it restarted. I push it back into the garage swearing and fuming and resignedly search for a dented, rusty snow shovel tangled up in a mess of rakes, hoes and brooms. We spare no expense on shovels in my house. Sometime in January the local hardware store usually runs a sale. You get a free shovel with a five dollar purchase. This is not just any snow removal tool. The handle is attached with staples and the shovel end is about as thick as a pie tin. The corners curl up before you get it home. After about five minutes of use, the bracket holding it to the handle loosens, and it flops around as you try to pitch the snow aside. I was out shoveling with this dream shovel after a freak snowstorm we had last year in mid-May. The year I decided to put a pool in. Artie waved from his side of the hedge. He walked effort-

lessly behind his gleaming snowblower, sporting a Sony Walkman and a nylon fluorescent orange skimobile suit with coordinating Ray-Bans and a Ralph Lauren knitted hat. My fingers were poking through spreading holes in the ends of my gloves and I was wearing my seven year-old son's hat. I can stretch it enough to make it cover the top of my head, but it wedges behind my big ears and makes them stick out. Combined with the unbuckled galoshes and a running nose, it's a look I'm really quite proud of.

In the summertime Artie derived hours of enjoyment each week from lawn maintenance. He had a power traction Lawn Boy for getting close to walkways and around flowerbeds. The straight-aways he would tackle with an eight thousand dollar Sears Best Suburban Estate tractor. He had his acre lot marked off in grids which were mowed to putting green height, then weeded, fertilized and watered. When I get around to it, I'll mow the lawn. If I'm in a playful mood and the grass is especially long, I'll even spell out the kid's names with the mower. They get a kick out of it. I left Evan's name emblazoned in burned out crabgrass for a week once, and Artie called the town hall to make an anonymous complaint. I was then publicly scorned. A photo of my lawn appeared in the town paper the following Thursday with my own picture alongside. The caption read 'Winter Street resident defiles neighborhood with landscaping hijinks.'

Back to last Saturday morning. I got out of my car, donuts in hand and waved to my

neighbor. Artie waved back, balancing with no hands from the top of his ladder. I'm sure he was showing off. I ran into the house, suddenly feeling queasy. The next four minutes were Artie's last. There was much speculation among the neighbors at the wake as to what exactly happened. I think it went something like this:

As Artie waved, the ladder shifted on the soft lawn. The top slid sideways along the gutter as the bottom was kicking out. Artie was perched on the top rung holding a full gallon of exterior latex. I believe it was Glidden's Satin Gloss. He lost his balance. His right leg slid through the two top rungs and the paint fell thirty feet to the ground, splattering lawn, shrubs, and his wife's two week old Cutlass Supreme which he had just double-waxed and then power-buffed to a brilliant shine. He attempted a desperate lunge for the roof. He made it. He was hanging from the gutter but the heavy extension ladder, still tangled with his leg, weighed him down. If only he could have gotten an elbow over the edge, he could have hoisted his bulky frame onto the roof. But the aluminum gutter, clean and sparkling as it was, wasn't designed to support a large man plus a ladder. It slowly stretched away from the house. Artie sincerely wished he had hired a professional house painter this year like his wife had wanted him to.

Sensing either the excitement of the moment or Artie's fresh perspiration, a group of healthy-looking hornets arrived and circled the dangling man. Buzzing intensely they repeatedly flew into his face, attempting to chase him away from their nest under the eaves. One of the black, fuzzy creatures lighted on Artie's left hand. The helpless man could only have looked up and watched as it drilled the meaty flesh

between his thumb and forefinger. Then the hornet injected a paralyzing fluid. I imagine Artie yelled out at the hornet and tried to shoo it away by blowing on it. The attacker was too firmly anchored. After a minute and a half the hornet finished the procedure, retracted its stinger and flew away. Artie's hand had no doubt burned. Next, a large circle of skin had puffed up as antibodies raced to the area. He knew in a few minutes the heat and soreness would be replaced by numbness. His hand would soon be as useful as a breadboard tied to his wrist.

Before long Artie's sweaty grip had begun to slide over the edge of the gutter as the muscles in his fingers fatigued from a lack of oxygen. He could have tried to lighten his load by kicking away the ladder but it was wedged at an awkward angle and hung stubbornly to his bent leg. "Help!" the man must have called to his wife, inside. But Artie just heard the vacuum cleaner sucking away. The loud electric motor must have drowned out the noise of the collapsing ladder and crashing paint can. Growing desperate I imagine he kicked the house with his free foot and then rallied with new hope when he heard the vacuum shut off.

But no help arrived. Instead the television came on. Artie must have surrendered to gravity as he heard the opening theme of "Family Feud" blasting inside. He would have dropped away from the gutter causing the mid-section of the ladder to pivot over a power line running from a street pole to the house. This is what probably forced the bottom of the ladder to swing up as Artie swung down. After that it was over. At that instant he must have known that in a few seconds he would be slamming at great speed into the big, living room window on

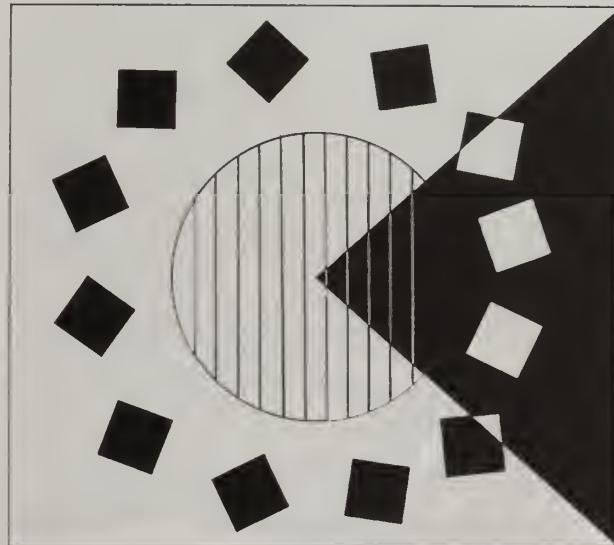
the first floor. The one his wife had pestered him for weeks to install.

While this was going on Artie's wife, Cassandra, was in the living room debating whether to dust or watch "Family Feud." She wished they could afford a cleaning service, dusting was such a drag. She clicked the television on and set the dust rag down. Artie was making an awful racket outside, how was she supposed to enjoy her show. Growing annoyed as the ladder banged against the house, she ran to the window. She saw Artie hurtling toward her hanging upside down from the end of a ladder. The cable the middle of the ladder was caught on snapped causing the television to

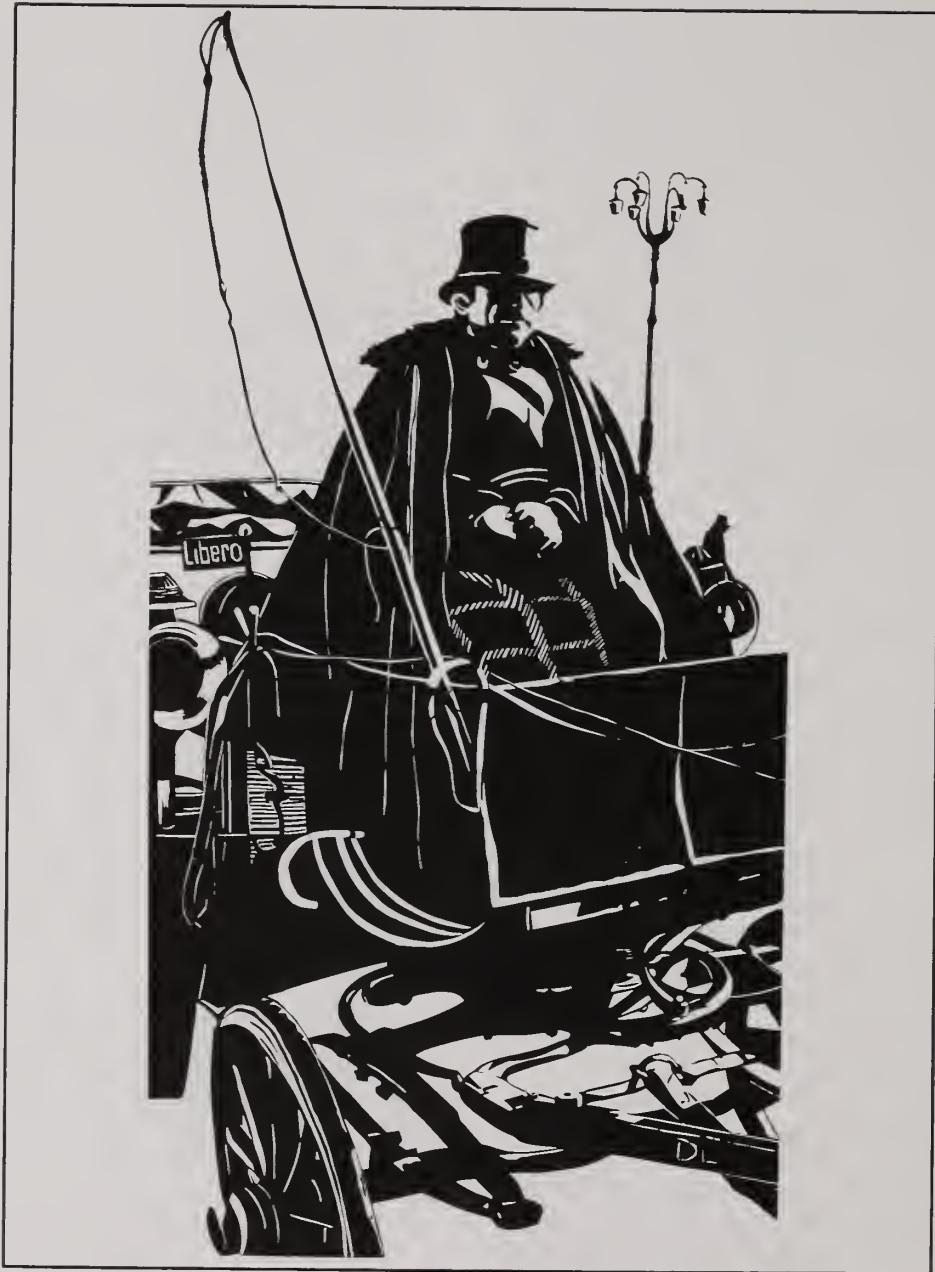
blink out. Artie covered his face and prepared for the impact. I'm sure Cassandra decided in that moment she would use the insurance money to replace their china. She told my wife she never did like that gaudy floral pattern.

The neighborhood will miss Artie. We won't miss his tools though. Cassandra is having a yard sale today. She's going to Aruba next week with a friend, and she wants to raise some quick cash. She even sent a flyer around saying everything must go. I want to get over there early and make an offer on that snow-blower. Maybe she'll throw in the orange suit and designer cap. At least my ears will be warm this winter.

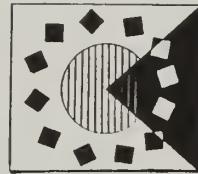
Ken Eulie



Gif Scanlon



Derek LeMire



the graveyard

another day, another soul gone
a paved road green,
marked with grey stones.
here a young girl,
there an old man,
lie next to the baby,
who has never seen the rain.
freshly dug earth,
awaits a new arrival.
from 1712 to 1991,
deaths gate revival.
a candle, a flag,
flowers, and vines.
mark the solemn yard
loved ones left behind.
gates closed,
shutting us out.
night air breathes,
of spirits about.

Sharon A. Gauthier

From the Window

Golden stalks swaying breezily,
Yellows float and fall
Where I tread, so easily —
From the window I watch all.

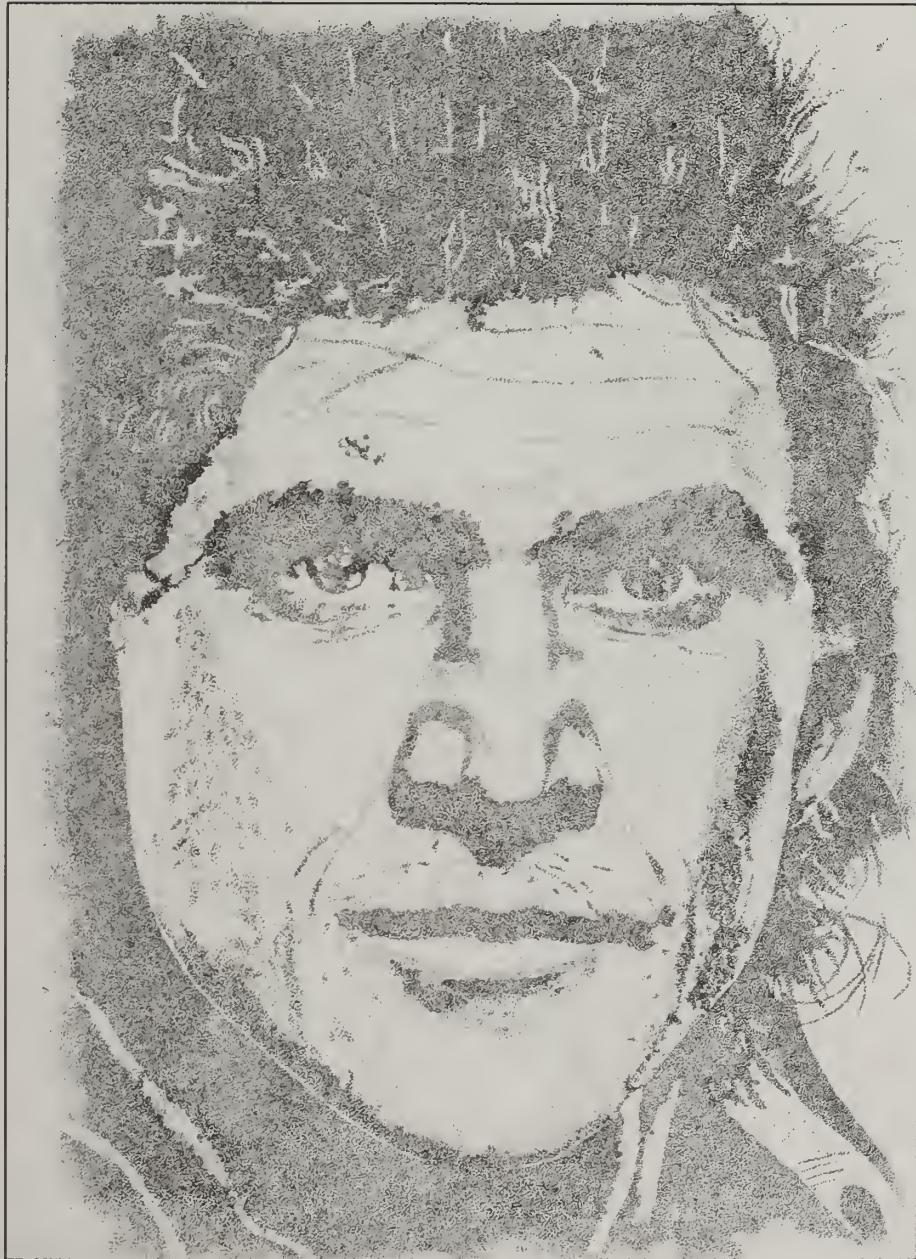
Endless inner questions —
The Hawk knew what to do.
Nature escapes these sessions.
Calmly, His prey he does subdue.

Posing still — This Naked Tree —
With seasons come transforming
then,
When past is present, who will see —
Accept and comprehend?

Joycie Rutledge



Cynthia Hastings



Scott A. Ziminski

three poems by john kusiak

two flowers,
side by side,
jointogether,
issuing gentle explosions
of beautifullycolored silence
pressed against air,
painting impressions,
of
her
in
i

smiling faces,
inner lies;
nightsticks
beat
before
watching eyes.
"to protect
and serve"
standing by,
claiming
innocence,
fascist lie.
i had seen this before;
twenty-four years ago.



Carolyn S. Cibek

dreams do a poet make
a need to touch
so much at stake;
my thoughts, heart, and soul you see
are imbedded in words
belonging to me

dreams we all declare
open our eyes
to kiss the air;
the passions that run deep and true
are imbedded in words
belonging to you

dreams can be a fool's delight
caught in a trap
a mindless plight;
the fickle feelings from a to z
are imbedded in words
belonging to you and me

dreams do a poet make
a need to touch
clouds in a lake;
we need to soar, indeed we must;
you are imbedded in words
belonging to us

these words are yours
and mine and ours;
imbedded in us
are Creation's powers





CL HASTINGS

Cynthia Hastings

Life's Autumn

It's autumn now, the beach deserted
except for rocks, waves and gulls.
Goldenrod gallantly bends to the stiff
offshore breeze, which is
kicking up choppy waves.

The few boats out on the ocean today
must head straight away into the wind.
Progress is slow causing them to rocket
and plummet forward, each
wave threatening to throw them off course.

Sea gulls are playing pick-up sticks,
rollicking and reeling to and fro as the
white-caps seething, crash upon the shore.
Gull island stands in solitary confinement,
stripped bare of summer green.

The sun is dripping into the horizon
painting house windows opaque gold,
while the pale-faced moon rises
larger than life into pink fringed sky,
laced liberally with diminishing daylight blue.

A woman and her dogs join the rocky shore,
dogs eagerly tearing down the sand,
to try their luck at catching the fleet winged gulls
who hang-glide, indifferently
across the moon's ever silvering face.

Solitude is broken by a chorus of humans
walking and jogging by,
pushing a bundle wrapped small occupant
in a carriage along the
rock framed seashore avenue.

A chill knife edged wind rips steadily
into my outer garments
raising goose bumps upon my flesh,
and I think to myself
it is too soon for autumn's frost and cold.

I have not yet chosen to set aside my summer thoughts,
nor accepted winter's approach,
as the silently laughing, silver moon
takes the upper hand, gleaming down
upon the sea and earth cold and harsh.

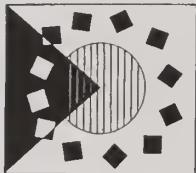
On this earth of our God's
is a wondrous place to live,
with froth and sea and waves and rocks,
with gulls and sandy beach
and grass of emerald green.

I paint this scene upon my memory
as the prophets do proclaim,
we've not much time left
for contemplations such as this,
nor for taking in such scenes.

For the future life will prove far more difficult,
and the peaceful pace out of reach,
so I leave the pebbled, rock-strewn shore,
and the gulls
stretched out upon gossamer wings.

Now radiant, the sky hung silver moon,
with clouds draped across its face
I admit with resignation
the time for harvest has begun,
the time for good friends, and gathering in.

Jacque Rae Hewes



Toy

Like a toy
Wind up, let go
And watch for entertainment
The laughing.

Then bored
Let wind down
And forget it (I) was there
Laying on the floor.

Unaware
Until the toy is annoying
And gets in the way
Frustrated.

Crush it
How dare it fight back.
Toys are only for playing
Not for feeling.

(No feelings are felt when you are dead.)
Dead inside
The toy dies
But they continue to play.

Lauren Geraghty

Beauty

I would like to tell a tale of beauty,
But how do I tell of beauty?
I would like to sing a song of love,
But I cannot find the words.
I would like to show you happiness,
But I have not seen it.
If you were to teach me of these things,
I would forever understand.

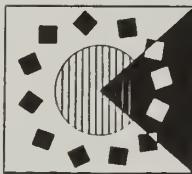
Jennifer Forzese



Dave Patterson



Greg Scanlon



82 *Channels and Cable Ready*

The phosphorescent eye is peering. The tentacled peeper snakes. Electrons are excited.

A porcine glow replaces the hearth. We are at the Ziffle's. We are deep into the heart of the twisted American Dream. Bush ties a yellow ribbon. Plastic dreams of quality, value and convenience are beaming through the vacuum. The soft sell, the cool luminosity keeps the cash coming.

Prostrate before the flicker. My patience is worn out in seconds. I resolutely pull the trigger. The shine commands my appetite. It tells me what to eat. The shimmer offers me a beer. I can't get a cigarette.

Apparitions of men on the moon radiate around the room. Illusory thoroughbreds run for races burning up the track. Fire and brimstone stridently begs for cash.

The circuit is complete. We are one before the eye. One eye stares out. Millions stare back. Minds are emptied. Madison fills them with Nielson putty.

Automations march in synchronicity. We blindly follow the ray. We are trapped by the eye. It's hard to think anymore. Minds are filled with images conjured by the baron's sorcerers. The gold they steal will fill a canyon. We all should emulate?

The nation hunkers down at night with the eye. We are distanced from flesh and blood. We never read. We rarely talk.

Terrence L. Harrington

Collision

As Joe stepped out of his bed, he could not feel the floor beneath his feet. He knew it was there, but nothing felt concrete. The only light in the room was the red beam of the numbers on his clock radio. He looked around to let his eyes adjust to being open and noticed that everything looked a little distorted. The ceiling and doorway seemed to be slanting a bit more than usual. The dingy, white painted walls looked as though they were starting to peel the more he fixed his eyes on them. "I need some coffee or something," he thought to himself, searching his mind for an explanation to the bizarre scenery that used to be the familiar bedroom over which he had control. Now it seemed something else had control over him.

Joe thought maybe he had digested something that didn't agree with him. Or maybe his current state of depression had changed his perception a bit, comparable to how a person's face can change with the newly acquired knowledge that they are more evil than good. He had an uneasy feeling as he walked through the doorway and into the unlit hallway. He hoped someone would be there to give him reassurance enough to settle his churning stomach. He heard the steps of someone coming up the stairs at the other end of the hallway and looked forward to finding out who it was, but his pulse quickened all the same. There was just enough of the streetlight piercing through the downstairs window to see who it was. "Thank God," he mumbled as his roommate reached the top of the stairs. "Rick, I'm having a weird night. I can't get to sleep, and everything's just

weird." Before Joe could finish his explanation, Rick passed by him without acknowledging him and stumbled into the bathroom. "Rick, Rick!" Joe called anxiously as he followed his roommate's path and peered into the half open door. He flailed his arms in the air to get Rick's attention, but Rick did not look up. He was sitting on the floor and leaning up against the wall, his eyes at half-mast. "Rick, you gotta help me out. Just talk to me or something. Let me know I'm OK." Rick waved his hand at Joe and said, "Ya, ya. Whatever."

Joe became frightened over his roommate's lack of concern and continued to ask for help. This time Rick responded by bolting upright. He stared wide-eyed at Joe, bellowing an evil laugh that you only hear in nightmares. Joe was so hurt and frustrated that he threw himself at Rick and kicked while crying, "Help me!" He then grabbed Rick's head and shook it and twisted it, hoping that the laughing would stop and Rick would become his sympathetic self again. Unharmed, Rick continued his evil and degrading laugh. Joe ran out into the hallway, looking for some way out of this horror. He flicked on the hall light switch, but the light did not turn on. "What's going on?" he screamed frantically. He ran back into his bedroom, jumped into his bed and pulled the covers over his eyes. "If I can just go to sleep" he thought, "I'll wake up in the morning, and everything will be normal again."

Joe felt relief until he opened his eyes enough to see that everything still looked distorted. The frightened feeling he had before

came back just as strong and was joined by panic, and Joe could not tell if he was awake or if he was dreaming. He tried to scream for Rick, who was asleep in the next room, but no matter how hard he tried, no noise would come from his mouth except the sound of the air as it passed inward over his lips and back out again. He ran into the hallway and could hear the laugh of his roommate starting all over again, but there was no one in sight. The laugh echoed and sounded as though there were fifty or more people laughing in the same evil way, laughing at Joe. His legs gave out from under him, and he fell to the floor, holding his ears as tightly as he could to try to block the sound.

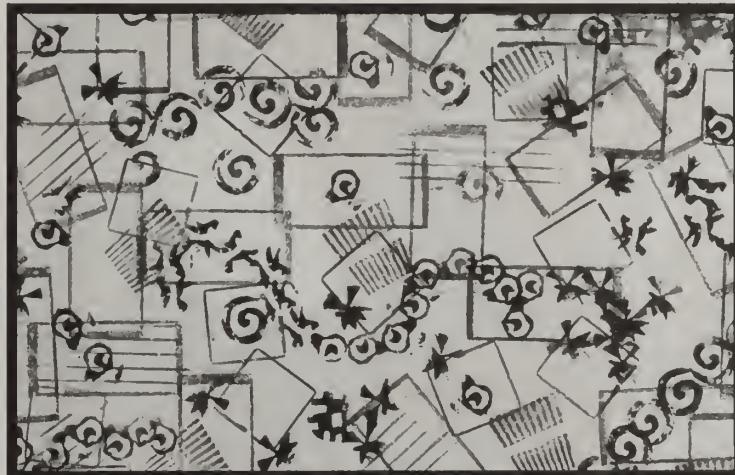
The laughing ceased as quickly as it had started, and Joe was back in his bed. Rick was asleep in the next room. Joe sat upright and

forced his eyes open to keep from falling asleep, if he was awake. He wasn't sure, even as he scurried into Rick's room and woke him from a deep sleep to tell him what had happened.

"Am I awake, Rick? I can't tell. Am I?" Rick said that he was and pinched his arm several times to reassure him. Joe tried the light switch. The light worked. That was a good sign, he thought. He still wasn't sure, but everything seemed OK for now.

Joe sat up for hours contemplating never going to sleep again. A more reasonable solution, he thought, would be to confront his fears in wakefulness instead of waiting for them to confront him in nightmares. A spot on the wall caught his attention as the paint started to peel before his eyes.

Julie A. Cunningham



Barb Drellick



Mary Clemenzi Khalil



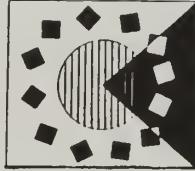
mary clemenzi khalil '91

Mary Clemenzi Khalil



Denise Gagne

Innocent Angel



Eyes so innocent and filled with love,
Like a prophet that was sent from above.
Eyes of fire that are set ablaze,
A mind like a puzzle that's lost in a maze.

A spiritual illusion that is aglow with light,
Using power with the intent to fight.
A deepness within that never ends,
Like a flowing river that extends.

Surrounding energy like a misty haze,
Hypnotizing with a gaze.
Silver tears that she is made to cry,
This Innocent Angel that cannot fly.

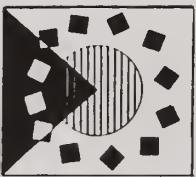
Tenderness masked by despair,
She cannot breathe, she gasps for air.
A silent whirlpool that sucks her in,
She is so vulnerable, it's almost a sin.

Time connects her to another place,
A life like a tunnel that is stretched out through space.
A hollow being that is empty inside,
Lost in the waves of a brilliant blue tide.

A magical beauty that is white and pure,
Enlightening smile that instantly lures.
Frightened by fear, she shakes from the cold,
Innocent Angel with a heart made of gold.

Captured and caged,
She is suspended in flight,
Her only escape, is her own torch of light.

Michelle Gagnon



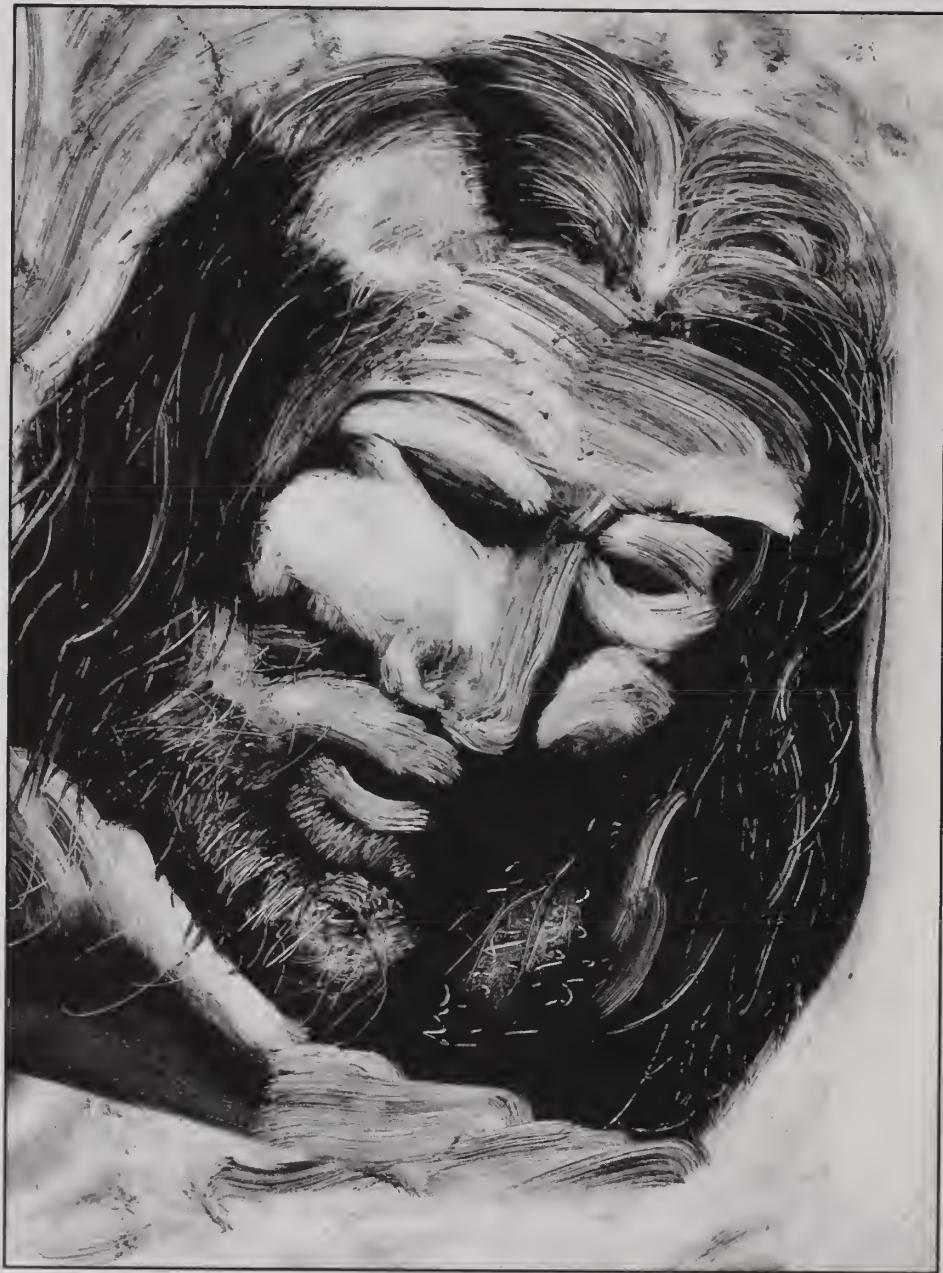
Where It All Began

I drove back over to the place
Where it all began
I felt the hurt, and felt the hope
A different common band
The windows high, and shadows long
In a forgotten land
Time stands still and memories fill
Where it all began
Ten years gone, forgotten song
Where it all began
Was twelve years old, cast from no mold
He thought his days were like the sand
But in a flash all thoughts were panned
Where it all began
Look both ways then cross the street
Good sense would all command
But only one way vision scanned
Near where it all began
His friends and family present then, near
Where it all began
The lady could not suppress grief
The little boy had white teeth
The dead lie there and here we stand
Where it all began

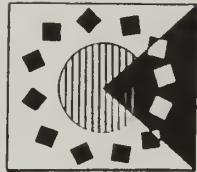
Andrew Munroe
for David Diem 1969-1982



F. T. Nickerson

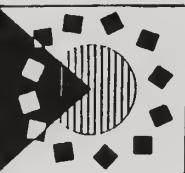


Dannielle Genovese



The paper sounds of rain
Breathing wind and branches
With water like jewels that melt and roll.
Glowing pools and streams
In the streets collected
And drawn in lines of fever-light behind my eyes.
Washed in black and silver
Rapt in remembrance
And walking with no notion of direction
Through a celebration
Of perpetual creation
With vision turned inward and backward.

Jon Glassett



Good-bye Mr. Cocaine

Who's that knocking on my brain
I hope it's not you Mr. Cocaine
Because Mr. Cocaine you and I are through
And so is the fake fun I had with you

Mr. Cocaine how could you dare
Have the nerve to come 'round here
Because of you I lost my wife and kid
And I'll never forgive you for what you did

You made me lie, cheat and steal
And convinced me it was no big deal
You made me too paranoid to answer the phone
And you made me leave my sweet wife alone

I lied to my sister and ripped off my brother
I even stole from my dear sweet mother
You made me lonely and you left me poor
Good-bye Mr. Cocaine I don't want you no-more

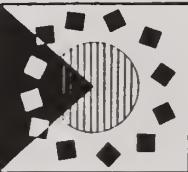
So good-bye Mr. Cocaine and good-bye pain
And good-bye to the days of being insane
Good-bye to the nights that we spent together
Good-bye Mr. Cocaine and good-bye forever

Now for years I thought you were my friend
Good-bye Mr. Cocaine this is the end
What I ever saw in you I'm not too sure
But good-bye Mr. Cocaine I must close the door

Ronnie Dove



Diane Shaw



Deadly Pen

The first time I wrote it, I failed and tried again
My wrists I used as paper and a razor for a pen.

My blood was the ink and I signed my name
in big bright letters, with myself to blame.

When the paper was soiled with the ink from my pen,
I felt so relieved, it was finally the end.

The paper is gone and the ink is now dry
but the pen is still waiting to take other lives.

Mary Francis

The Paintbrush

It dances across the canvas
showing it's wave of color; making
something out of nothing,
revealing truth or fantasy.
With little help from me it creates a
vision of beauty, almost as if it were
alive.

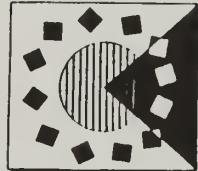
Todd Lamond



William Vasquez



Todd Lamond



The Dance

There is a rhythm that beats within the very soul of man.
It often goes unnoticed in this hectic world.
If we but closed our eyes and listened,
We could see and hear the very essence of our being.
Visions, like an intertribal dance.
Each of the dancers unique, hearing the drum with their
own ears.
Providing the steps that represent their own being.
Moving silently through time.
Some slowly, but with precision.
Some spinning, turning, pausing
But then, going forward. Full circle.
Wiping out the footprints ahead of them
As they go round,
And round,
And round.

J. Bishop

I Never Got To Say Good-bye

It still haunts the heart
To put it off in the past
The love of two friends was shared
I just wasn't there when you called to care.

Did you die in agony?
I feared the worst would happen
But the last warning came too late
Why did I hesitate?

I was scared to come near
It all wasn't too clear
It slapped me in the face
When I finally heard your fate.

It hurts my heart and escapes my mind
That my bestfriend's death isn't a crime.

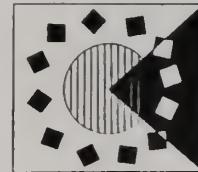
Are you flying high in the sky tonight?
I cried because I can see you soaring high in heaven
The night you crumbled inside I couldn't say goodbye
The virgin snow drifts lightly down
As you perished at an unseen hand.

My heart is sore since I no longer can see your eyes
Wonder why of a young child's cries
No longer will you cry
Now I cry for you.

Guilt over lays the head
It floats in a dark drowsy bed
Grief hits the soul with ice
Nothing can burn through to you.

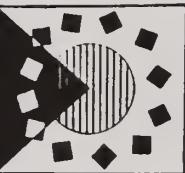
Can't rip out the pain
I feel the hidden shame
So childish and vain to not of came
Deserters are traitors, but too young to see
...Until it was too late for me...
I never got to say goodbye...

Lauren Geraghty
Dedicated to Stacey Ann Anderson





Amy Smith



The Fluorocarbon Queen

I can always spot the Queen,
When she's in the Castle hall.
She made her hair up so very big,
And her subjects seem so small.

Her Majesty's hair is really quite large.
It's motionless and sticky.
It must have taken her hours to build.
It must have been so tricky.

So I tell the Queen to keep her balance,
And to never, ever lean.
She must keep her royal image
As the fluorocarbon Queen.

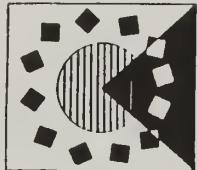
Bryan Contino



Poppy Arakelian



David C. Patterson



The Newest Meaning

(A tribute to John Lennon)

In days of old in those times 'twas said,
that if you lived by the sword, you would end up dead.
And also said back in that date,
if you lived by the word, you wouldn't meet your fate.

But nowadays I'm sadly blue,
that older saying is no longer true.
In fact it's reversed, twisted, and bent,
the true meaning of it is no longer meant.

Instead the men that cause much pain,
are released to live their life again.
And men who speak of peace and love,
end up living in heaven above.

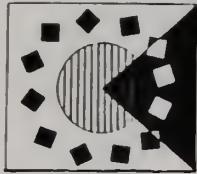
They're never released to live again,
and their families are left engulfed in pain.
For Lennon, Kennedy, Lincoln, and King,
this newest saying is the current thing.

Men who live their life by swords,
are set free again by simple words.
But men live their life by words,
end up killed by those men's swords.

I dedicate this to the memory of those men,
hoping the old saying returns again.
I leave you now to please enhance,
ALL THEY WERE SAYING, WAS GIVE PEACE A CHANCE.

Brian K. Cortez

The Kites



Grown men and their toys. I speak not of fast cars or boats, but of their kites.

On a gray July day, the colors of the rainbow fly through the sky in the shape of a kite. The kite man challenges and explores the mystery of the invisible wind with colorful rags and strings.

Simple enough this may seem, but a slight adjustment to the string which connects the two-tier kite means a great deal in the way he can make it perform in the wind.

A small child spots the kite, "Dad look!" They go closer to see.

The master of string and rag now has an audience. He lifts the kite from the sand and begins the dance. A tug here; a loop there. The slightest pressure or release of the muscles of his hand add to the beauty of the colorful ballet. Wind, string, rags. So simple, so beautiful. So magical the wind.

The director, not a player, choreographs the gentle loops and powerful leaps. Seemingly effortless takeoffs give the kite life. The animator becomes unseen as we enjoy the colorful dance of string, cloth and wind. So simple. So beautiful. So magical.

Bill Sullivan

Nubble Light

With windswept rain and noon as night —
We raced ahead for Nubble Light
And once there toasted to the sea —
Of wedgewood glass and burgundy

A sky of steel, a sea of stone
How right it was to be alone
With arms round her, perfection's rite
The land stood still at Nubble Light
A spattering rain shook every bush
And sea surged up, gave land a push
The world was vivid, dark and clean
And spray washed dust from evergreen

The light from lamp was red and high
And horn cowed low, but sent its cry
I saw my dreams come true that night
There at Nubble Light

Andrew Munroe



Dick Burns



Anne Pelikan

Our Canary

Papa always wanted a boy —five daughters and no Mama —so one day, Papa brought him home in a cardboard ice-cream box with peepholes...Mario, our canary. Mario sang in his little filigree cage like he was overlooking the Amalfi Drive in Italy instead of a vacant lot next door —such inspiration —a real Caruso.

Every night we'd pull down the window shade next to Mario's cage so he'd sleep well, and every morning we'd raise it so he could see his vacant lot. Six years Mario filled the parlor with his songs, and we never thought there would ever be an end to his trills.

One morning the shade slipped out of my hand and made a terrible clatter as it banged round and round at the top of the window. Mario was in the middle of an aria and stopped suddenly, fell off his perch, and lay on the bottom of the cage with his feet in the air. Sister, who arrived on the scene just in time to see all this, pointed at me and with an accusing voice screamed, "YOU killed him!"

It was agreed that I was the one who must tell Papa, who was attending his weekly Board of Directors meeting at the Italian Toilers Club. The bartender called Papa to the phone —"Hey Joe, somebody wants you." So I tell Papa, "This is Angie," and he says, "What's wrong?"...so I tell him, "Mario's dead." He shouts, "Mama Mia!" and the phone goes dead.

What I don't know is that Mario is the name of the Club's president who was absent. Papa thinks I meant him, and he breaks the news to the Board that Mario's dead. The next hour centered on who would be delegates to the

Wake, what flowers to send, and who would replace him as President. Suddenly Mario appeared. Quickly Papa excused himself from the company of his dazed Club members and rushed back to our house with fire in his eyes.

He passed right by Mario — laid out on a cushion on the kitchen table in Anna's Delta Pearl box which she got for confirmation — royal blue velvet with a satin lining — a perfect casket. Papa dashed right up to me and grabbed both my shoulders and started to shake me so hard I thought my teeth would rattle...but I'd had time to run under Grandma's picture to remind Papa how much I looked like her. This always kept the spankings from coming.

Of course, I wasn't allowed to attend the funeral — nor was I told where Mario was buried in the vacant lot. Sister said accusingly, "You're the cause he died, so you'll never know where he's buried."

But I did...the next week, the bulldozer came to dig for a gas station to be built on the vacant lot. First thing they dug up was a blue velvet box. So I had a chance to tell Mario I was really sorry and to pray that he would now be in "Canary Heaven" flitting about and singing to his heart's content.

Mario's second burial was in our back yard and I was the only one to know where.

Betty Couilliard



Cynthia Troutt

"O Ye Rich Ones On Earth! The poor in your midst are My trust; guard ye My trust, and be not intent only in your own ease."
Bahá'u'lláh

Three Friends and the Sights of the Land and Sky

She came softly to me during the twilight
When the last breath of Day has been sighed
and rolled over
To let the Night's darkness make its appearance
slowly, gradually mounting
before silently flooding the plain.

I knew why she appeared.
It was no mystery that she was alone.
Or that her feet appeared to be bearing a weight
heavier than her own body,
And at the same time barely touching the ground.
Every step seemed to carry meaning
beyond her own foot fall.

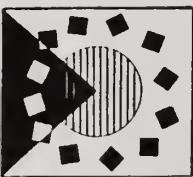
In her eyes was an acceptance that reached out
and touched my own,
knowing and not wanting to
and accepting what was true.
The plain stretched out around us moved
suddenly, silently far away.
She was awkward, aching with empty arms.
I felt helpless.
There was no joy in our embrace.

Her tears carried grief out from deep inside her
that had been growing there for so long,
as food became scarce,
then scarcer.
Eventually there was nothing,
to feed the child.
The treatment came too late.

Four days we shared the mourning.
Her steps stronger, she moved more like usual
set out for her own home.
But she walked alone now, like me,
and she didn't want to, but I did.

Some memories came to me as voiceless apparitions
staring openly out across the distance of time.
They are hard to remember,
yet harder to forget.
A wind passed or something familiar
comes into clearer focus on the landscape,
and they are recalled again.
They appeal for a truer meaning of life
to be honored.
Being a family,
sharing a planet,
The nurturing Earth all around us,
the endless Sky above.

It is often the way of people when in real need
not to ask for help
and often they can not.
We never discuss it, but
I know she knows
I make more frequent visits to her village
with extra supplies
She knows I know
she will share with others,
just for her and the memory of her child.



Sometimes the first gleaming rays of Sunrise seem to trace
the warmth of her daughter's smile
across the Morning Sky.

And at twilight memory of her sighs
roll over more easily than the last ones she breathed
that I remember, seeing her struggling with
breath too thin to sustain her life.

And sometimes, I go without a few meals and
smile into the Horizon
looking out across the plain,
Knowing Sisters and Brothers in the village
not visible in the distance are enjoying
a sparse meal, when
they would otherwise have nothing,
to eat ...

Sometimes I feel I'm becoming more
a part of the Land —
Breathing out, Breathing in —
providing for life to go on around me
encouraged by a friend's visit at twilight
remembered in my prayer
and the way I live my life.

Cynthia Troudt

Staff:

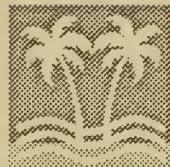
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